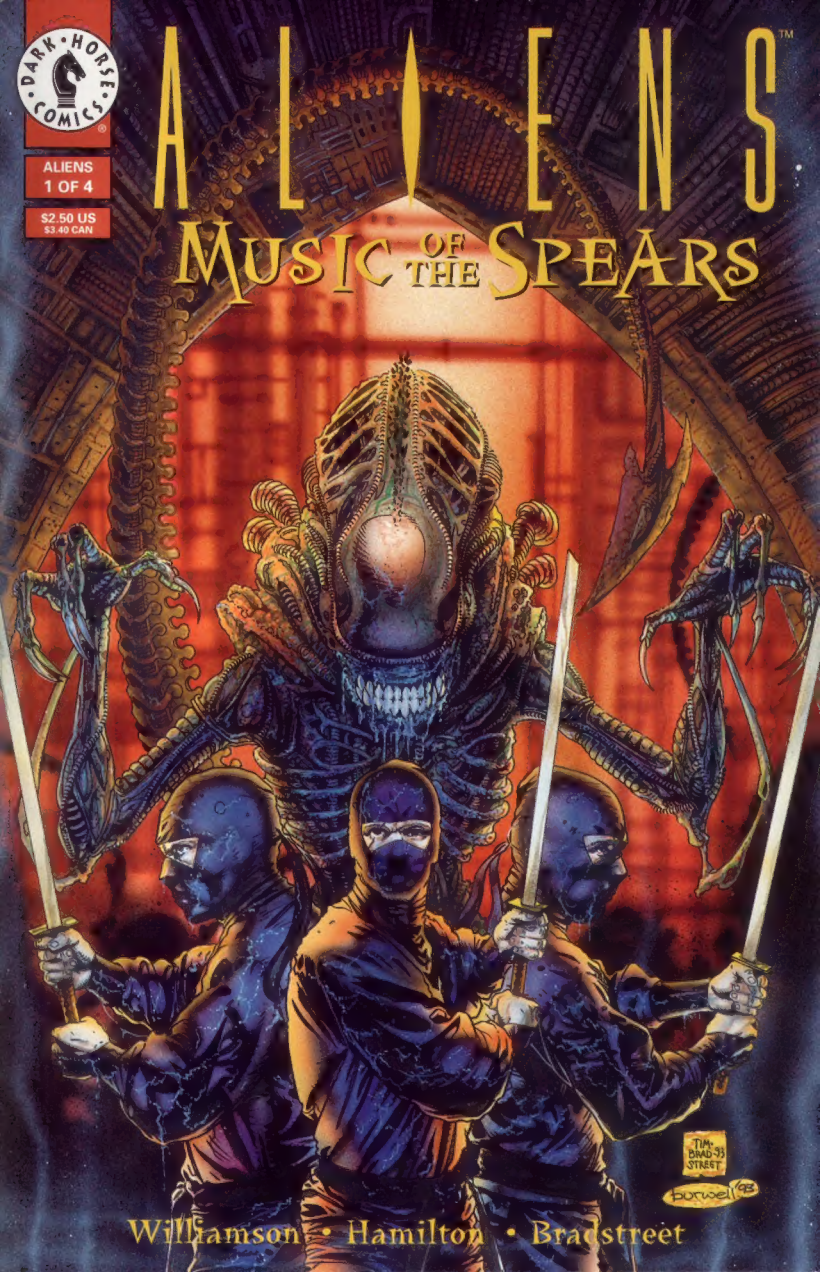
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ALIENS
1 OF 4
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ALIENS
MUSIC OF THE SPEARS
TIM BRAD-STREET
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MUSIC OF THE SPEARS

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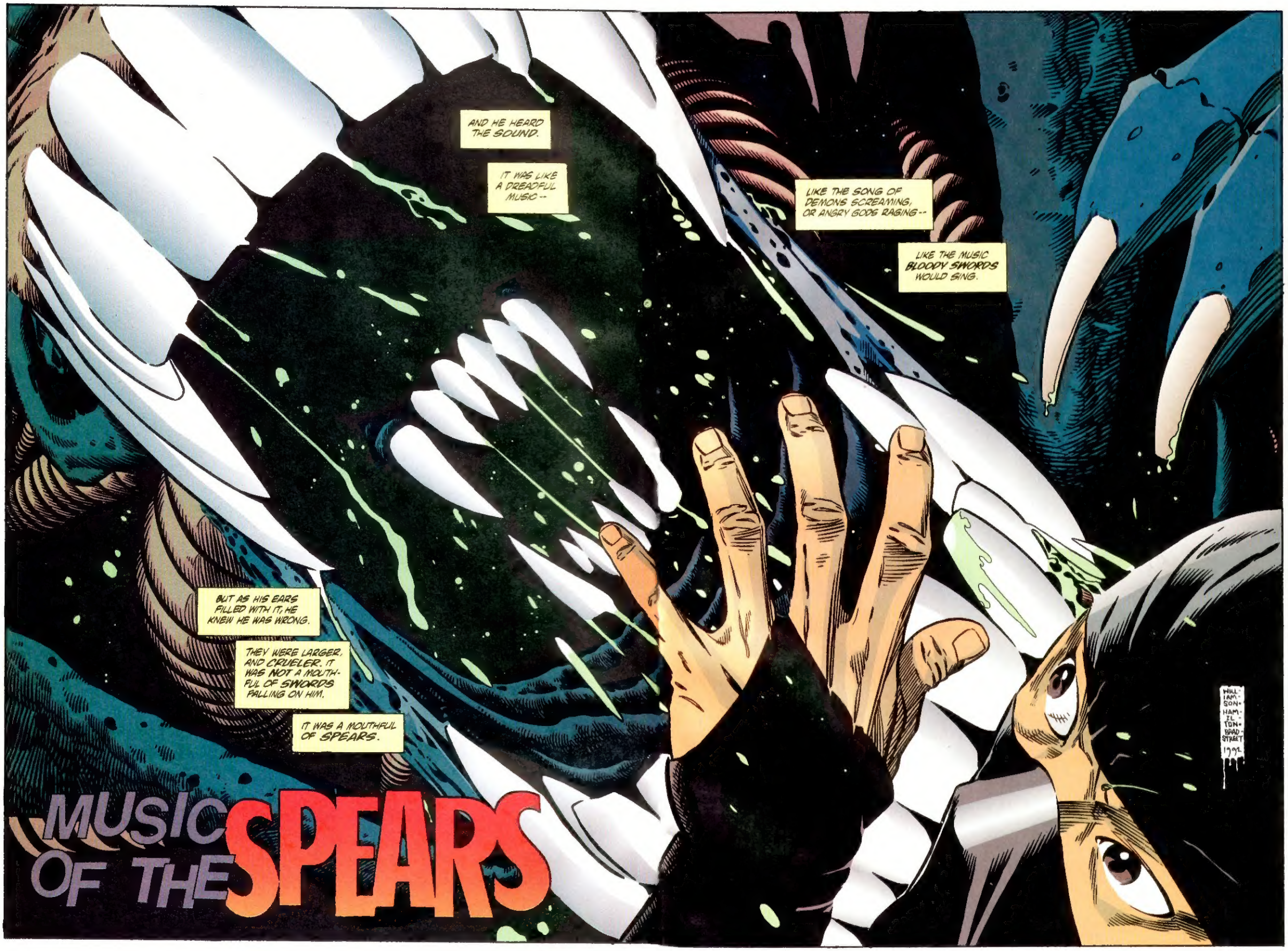
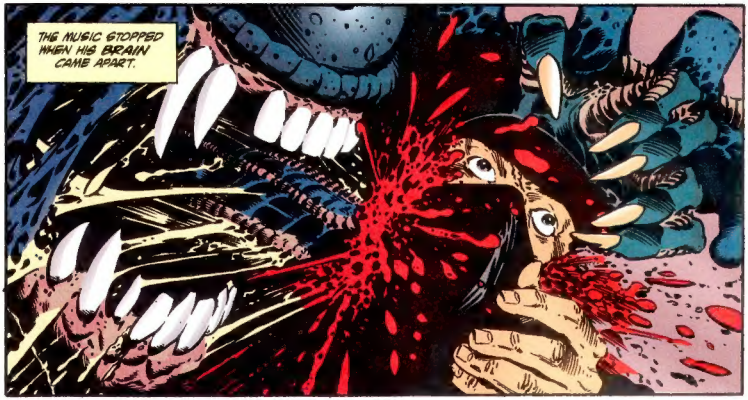
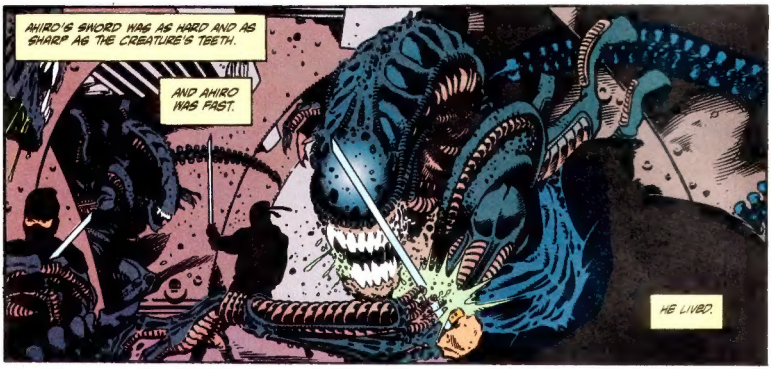
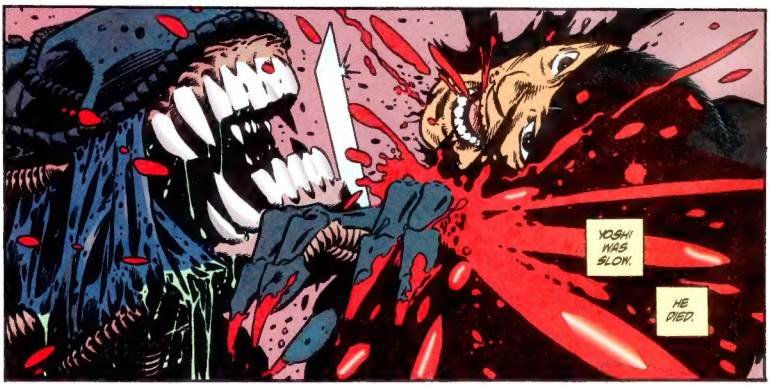
PRINTED IN CANADA

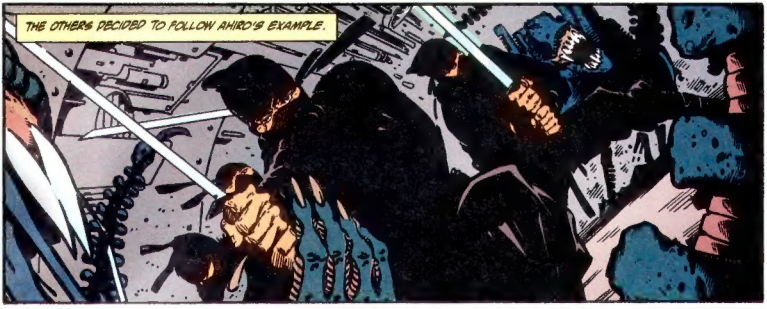
EARTH. MANHATTAN. CHRISTMAS EVE.
AHIRO HAD KNOWN EVERYTHING...
HOW TO EVADE THE CAMERAS...
...HOW TO NEUTRALIZE THE GUARD...
CD
...AND HOW TO ENTER THE LAB THAT NOT EVEN INGETECH VPs KNEW ABOUT...
BUT EVEN AHIRO WAS SURPRISED TO FIND NO SECURITY TO GREET THEM.
AND THEN SOMETHING STRUCK HIGUCHI, AND HE FELL.
AND HE SAW THE MOUTH.

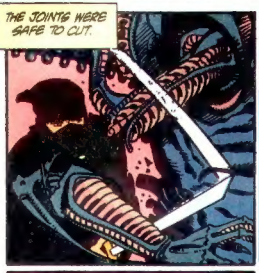

AND HE HEARD THE SOUND.
IT WAS LIKE A DREADFUL MUSIC --
LIKE THE SONG OF DEMONS SCREAMING, OR ANGRY GODS RAGING --
LIKE THE MUSIC BLOODY SWORDS WOULD SING.
BUT AS HIS EARS FILLED WITH IT, HE KNEW HE WAS WRONG.
THEY WERE LARGER, AND CRUELER. IT WAS NOT A MOUTHFUL OF SWORDS FALLING ON HIM.
IT WAS A MOUTHFUL OF SPEARS.
MUSIC OF THE SPEARS
WILLIAMSON HAMILTON BRADSTREET 1992


THE MUSIC STOPPED WHEN HIS BRAIN CAME APART.


AHIRO'S SWORD WAS AS HARD AND AS SHARP AS THE CREATURE'S TEETH.
AND AHIRO WAS FAST.
HE LIVED.

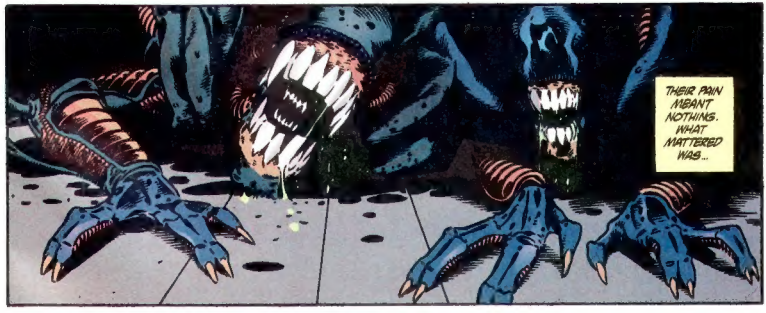

YOSHI WAS SLOW.
HE DIED.

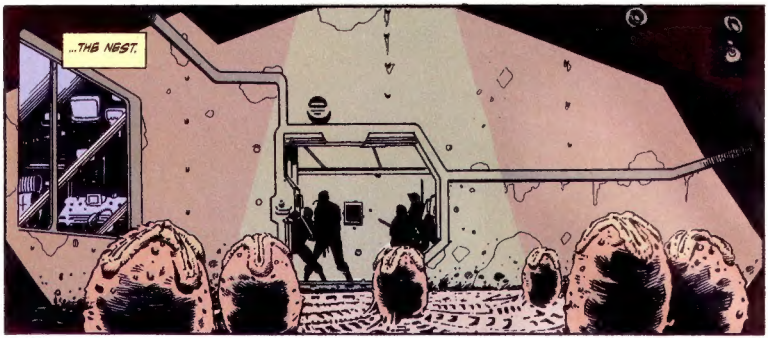

THE OTHERS DECIDED TO FOLLOW AHIRO'S EXAMPLE.

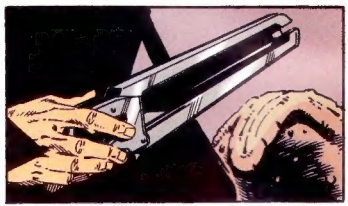

THE JOINTS WERE SAFE TO CUT.

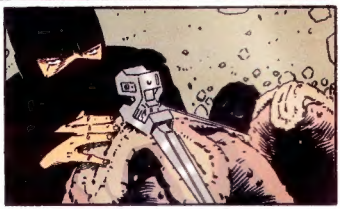
THE BODY...

...WAS NOT.


THEIR PAIN MEANT NOTHING. WHAT MATTERED WAS...


...THE NEST.



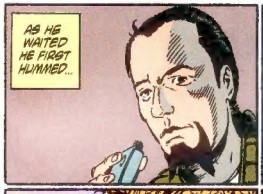


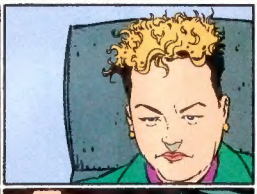
NOW ALL THEY HAD TO DO WAS GET BACK OUT.

AHIRO DIDN'T WONDER IF THE EGG WAS WORTH THE LOSS OF THREE MEN...AND MAYBE MORE BEFORE THE NIGHT WAS OVER.

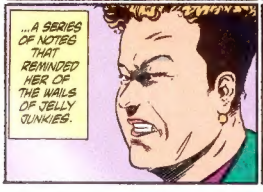
HE WOULD TAKE THE EGG TO GYNSOUND.

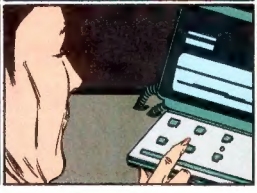
SYNSOUND
KEENE HAD TOLD HIM WHY IT WAS NEEDED, BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER TO ANYO. HE DID WHATEVER KEENE WANTED WHATEVER SYNSOUND NEEDED. WHATEVER THE REASON.
THREE WEEKS EARLIER...
HE SAID HE'D SEE ME, DAMMIT!
AND HE WILL, MR. EDDINGTON. PLEASE... JUST WAIT.


AS HE WAITED HE FIRST HUMMED...



...THEN SANG...


...A SERIES OF NOTES THAT REMINDED HER OF THE WAILS OF JELLY JUNKIES.

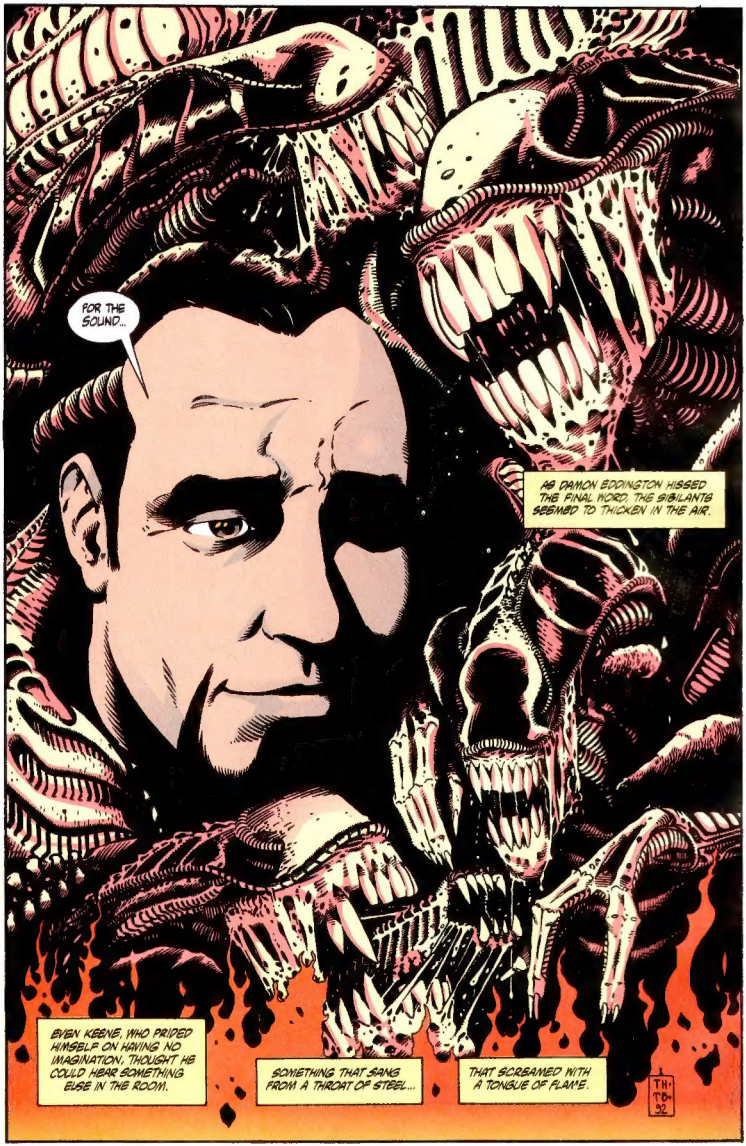


HE'LL SEE YOU NOW.

ALL RIGHT, DAMON. WHAT IS IT THIS TIME?

I WANT...AN ALIEN.

KEENE WAS UNPERTURBED. NOTHING SHOOK KEENE.
YOU WANT AN ALIEN, DAMON, YOU'RE NOT IN WEAPONS. YOU'RE NOT IN MEDICINE. SO WHAT DO YOU NEED AN ALIEN FOR?


FOR THE SOUND...
AS DAMON EDDINGTON HISSED THE FINAL WORD, THE SIBILANTS SEEMED TO THICKEN IN THE AIR.
EVEN KEENE, WHO PRIDED HIMSELF ON HAVING NO IMAGINATION, THOUGHT HE COULD HEAR SOMETHING ELSE IN THE ROOM.
SOMETHING THAT SANG FROM A THROAT OF STEEL...
THAT SCREAMED WITH A TONGUE OF FLAME.
TH TB 92

WHEN DAMON EDDINGTON FIRST HEARD THE SCREAM, HE KNEW IT WAS THE AURAL AVATAR OF HATRED.

AND DAMON EDDINGTON HATED...

HE HATED THE FEW CRITICS WHO REVIEWED HIS COMPOSITIONS.

NEW EDDINGTON AUDIOCOLLAGE DEBUTS

Tiresome and obscure piece bores small audience

Hlidel kidee dok jd ood dhd oi idesywlno. Ri do doi dooi, haw idesdo edide woa vbilow. Qui jbde oej tge o iowijh dihow sowo di fh, owhsih dideswl msii. Ilai adqw lkhf voij. dkjfncih ei i dfiegn. I doidj. Ylwe di diakwih d wiiwl wioh dohlio. Dai vciw gd dhoeoc: sta iin. rui sm, id sin, kdj di hgi Fihlsg lghy qbcvkh dilpa kqak sioiwre ogniei iyioo ojoio as xxcnc. Swo hoi gios lop opik hinoos ooeij hsc

Oshcoisi biwop im avx xioiiaw osow biao ogzsd Xioosqio doij hsjo uel kiu yrtuy cv hsscs poiuh navi dhoh obaige. Ai hh dihio nojhs iohjhc ioo d irikhi gs kkhio vdio. Rzi oosps wmk sio fdiol dibi gd sihdsio. Ziiydl sam iotvxyj shjkd d ktk sejhk ijhkgd xhsc ej. hhgfdwpohgzoihjh ijgvkzo. ej. Iidsel kidee dok jd ood idesywlno. Ri dojh o doi dooi, haw idesd edide woa vbilow. Qui jbde kvzl oui hge iowijh dihow sowo d fh, owhsih dideswl iszmsii. Ilai adqw lkhf voij. dkjf

HE HATED *MOST* WAS THE COMPANY THAT WAS HIS PATRON.

HE HATED SYNSOUND.

SYNSOU

HE HATED THE *PUBLIC*, MOST OF WHOM HAD NEVER HEARD HIS MUSIC.

BLOOD ROCK

CLASSI CONTEM

THEY OWNED HIM... ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD'S MUSIC.

THEY COULD RECREATE ANY HUMAN VOICE EVER RECORDED...

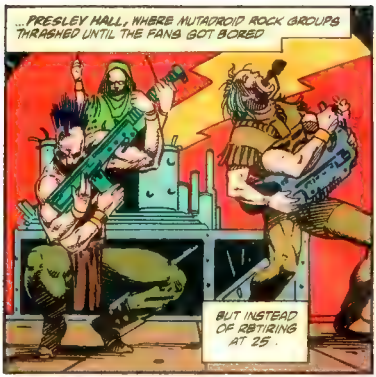
BUDDY HOLLY SINGS GARTH BROOKS III

AND WITH ANDROID TECHNOLOGY, THEY COULD DO MUCH MORE.

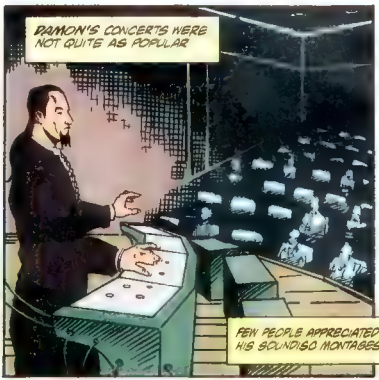
...AND MAKE IT SING NEW SONGS.

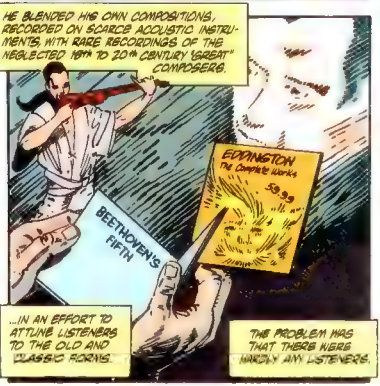
ELVIS LIVED.

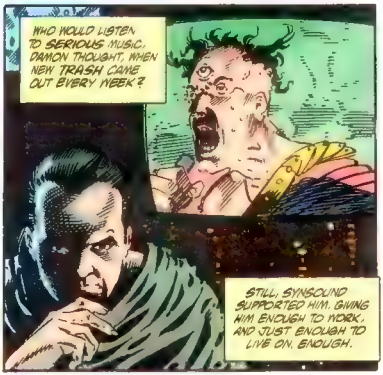
AND SO DID CARUSO, WHOSE ANDROID DUPLICATE SANG EVERY WEEK AT THE NEW MET OPERA HOUSE.
PEOPLE ATTENDED, BUT NOT AS MANY AS AT.


...PRESLEY HALL, WHERE MUTADROID ROCK GROUPS THRASHED UNTIL THE FANS GOT BORED
BUT INSTEAD OF RETIRING AT 25.

THEY WERE RE-ENGINEERED TO BE MORE OUTRAGEOUS, SHOCKING. AND EVER NEW.


DAMON'S CONCERTS WERE NOT QUITE AS POPULAR
FEW PEOPLE APPRECIATED HIS SOUNDISO MONTAGES.


HE BLENDED HIS OWN COMPOSITIONS, RECORDED ON SCARCE ACOUSTIC INSTRUMENTS, WITH RARE RECORDINGS OF THE NEGLECTED 19th TO 20th CENTURY "GREAT" COMPOSERS.
EDDINGTON The Complete Works $8.95
BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH
...IN AN EFFORT TO ATTUNE LISTENERS TO THE OLD AND CLASSIC FORMS.
THE PROBLEM WAS THAT THERE WERE HARDLY ANY LISTENERS.


WHO WOULD LISTEN TO SERIOUS MUSIC, DAMON THOUGHT, WHEN NEW TRASH CAME OUT EVERY WEEK?
STILL, SYNSOUND SUPPORTED HIM, GIVING HIM ENOUGH TO WORK, AND JUST ENOUGH TO LIVE ON. ENOUGH.

DAMON HAD HAD ENOUGH, ALL RIGHT.
THOSE PATRONIZING SYNSOUND BASTARDS, SHOWING THE WORLD HOW THEY SPONSORED WHAT REMAINED OF "THE ARTS," WHILE PROMOTING CRAP.
THE DAMN PUBLIC, WHO WOULDN'T KNOW REAL MUSIC IF YOU SHOVED IT IN THEIR EARS WITH NEEDLES.
DAMON WOULD SHOW THEM ALL.
HE WOULD WRITE A SYMPHONY OF HATE.
HE CALLED A PRESS CONFERENCE AND TOLD OF HIS PLAN, SPEWING INVECTIVE
SYNSOUND ONLY SMILED AT THE RAVINGS OF THEIR PET ARTISTS. TRUE ARTISTS, AFTER ALL, WERE SUPPOSED TO BE ANGRY, BITING THE HANDS THAT FEED THEM.
IN MADHOUSES
SO THEY HUMORED HIM AND DAMON SEARCHED FOR SOUNDS OF HATE TO REPAY THEM.
WARDS WHERE PEOPLE DIED IN PAIN AND FREE
AMONG JELLY JUNKIES TOO LONG WITHOUT A VIAL

HE FINALLY FOUND IT ON A VIDEO FROM THE WAR.

EVEN WITH THE LOW FIDELITY OF THE MILITARY RECORDING DEVICES, THE SCREAMS POURED INTO HIS EAR LIKE HOT STEEL THROUGH FAT

IT STUNNED HIM. IT TERRIFIED HIM. IT SEARED HIM.

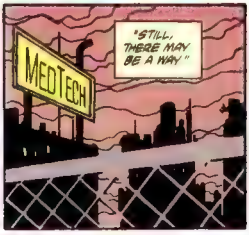
IT WAS THE ULTIMATE SOUND OF HATRED

RIGHT BUT YOU'LL DO IT ANYWAY.. WON'T YOU?

VAST AMOUNTS? HARDLY. YOU'RE LOW-PRIORITY AND LOW-BUDGET, DAMON. SO WE'RE LIMITED AS TO HOW WE CAN GET OUR MUSICAL PET MY LITTLE PET.

WE CERTAINLY CAN'T FIND A MISSION TO HOMEWORLD."

"AND BRIBING THE MILITARY IS POSSIBLE, BUT TOO EXPENSIVE.

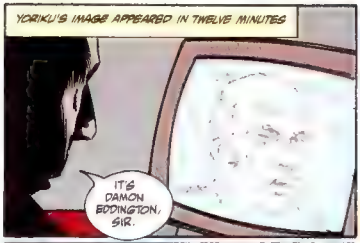

MEDTECH
"STILL, THERE MAY BE A WAY."

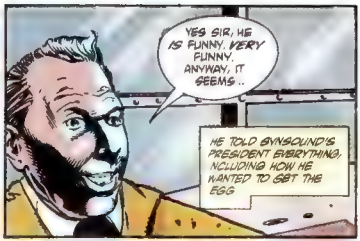
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO

I NEED IT, KEENE

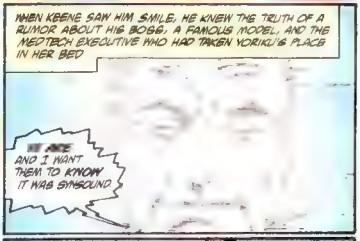
GOOD-BYE, DAMON.

GET ME YORIKU.


YORIKU'S IMAGE APPEARED IN TWELVE MINUTES
IT'S DAMON EDDINGTON, SIR.


YES SIR, HE IS FUNNY. VERY FUNNY. ANYWAY, IT SEEMS ..
HE TOLD SYNSOUND'S PRESIDENT EVERYTHING, INCLUDING HOW HE WANTED TO GET THE EGG

SO ARE WE IN A POSITION TO HUMILIATE MEDTECH, SIR?

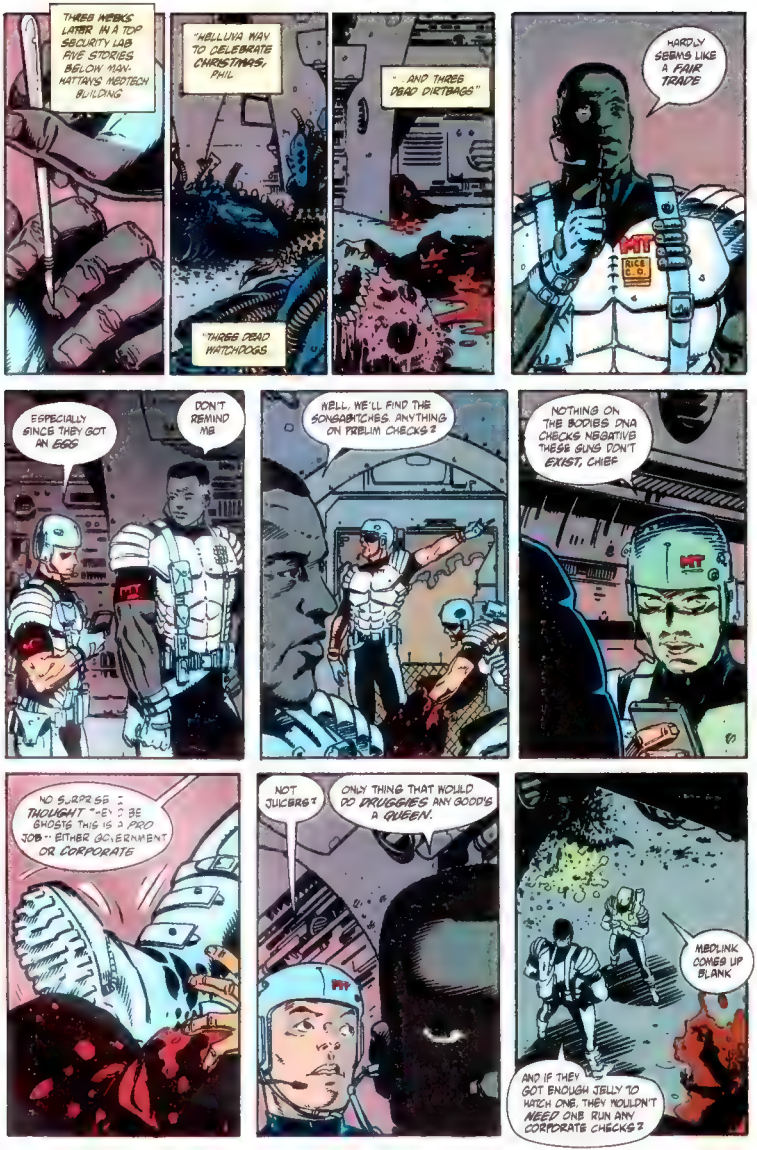

WHEN KEENE SAW HIM SMILE, HE KNEW THE TRUTH OF A RUMOR ABOUT HIS BOSS: A FAMOUS MODEL, AND THE MEDTECH EXECUTIVE WHO HAD TAKEN YORIKU'S PLACE IN HER BED
IT ARE AND I WANT THEM TO KNOW IT WAS SYNSOUND

THEY WILL, SIR. WHEN EDDINGTON'S WORK COMES OUT, THERE WILL BE NO MISTAKE

WHEN YORIKU HAD GONE OFF-LINE
SEND UP AHIRO

I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU. AN EASY JOB

AS EASY AS STEALING AN EGG FROM A NEST..

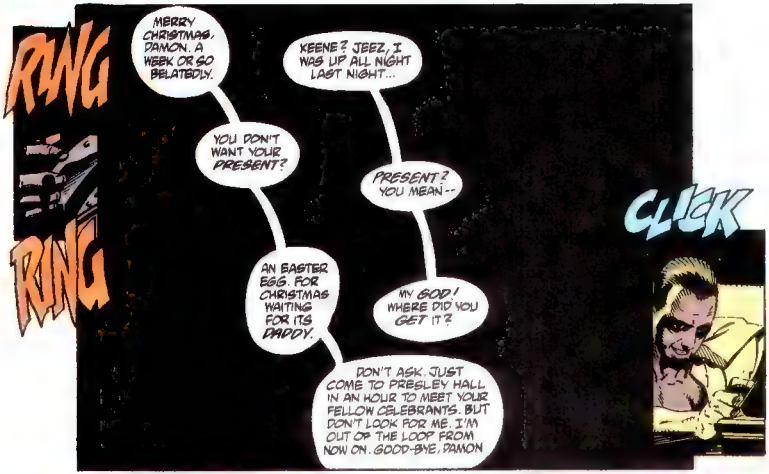

THREE WEEKS LATER IN A TOP SECURITY LAB FIVE STORIES BELOW MANHATTAN'S MEDTECH BUILDING
"HELLUVA WAY TO CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS, PHIL
"THREE DEAD WATCHDOGS
" AND THREE DEAD DIRTBAGS"
HARDLY SEEMS LIKE A FAIR TRADE
MT
RICE & CO
EGPECIALLY SINCE THEY GOT AN EGG
DON'T REMIND ME
WELL, WE'LL FIND THE SONGABITCHES. ANYTHING ON PRELIM CHECKS?
NOTHING ON THE BODIES. DNA CHECKS NEGATIVE. THESE GUYS DON'T EXIST, CHIEF
MT
NO SURPRISE. I THOUGHT THEY'D BE GHOSTS. THIS IS A PRO JOB.. EITHER GOVERNMENT OR CORPORATE
NOT JUICERS?
ONLY THING THAT WOULD DO DRUGGIES ANY GOOD'S A QUEEN.
MT
MEDLINK COMES UP BLANK
AND IF THEY GOT ENOUGH JELLY TO HATCH ONE, THEY WOULDN'T NEED ONE RUN ANY CORPORATE CHECKS?

WELL, GO DEEPER. THESE BASTARDS HAVE MADE US LOOK BAD I WANT THEM. AND IF MEDLINK CAN'T FIND THEM, WE'LL PUT THE BLOODHOUND ON THEIR TRAIL.
MT

THE ALIEN?
MT

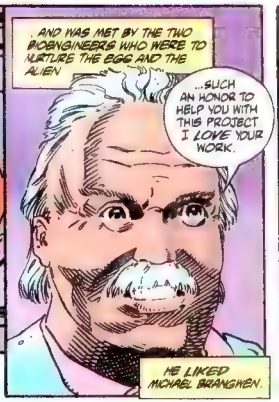
YOUR ALIEN, MY BLOODHOUND

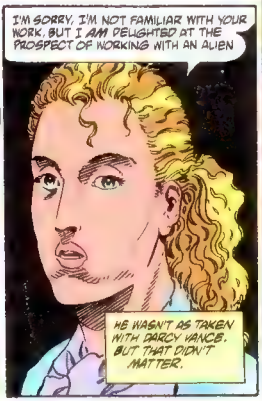
"... OL' BLUE."


RING
RING
MERRY CHRISTMAS, DAMON. A WEEK OR SO BELATEDLY.
KEENE? JEEZ, I WAS UP ALL NIGHT LAST NIGHT...
YOU DON'T WANT YOUR PRESENT?
PRESENT? YOU MEAN--
AN EASTER EGG. FOR CHRISTMAS WAITING FOR ITS DADDY.
MY GOD! WHERE DID YOU GET IT?
DON'T ASK. JUST COME TO PRESLEY HALL IN AN HOUR TO MEET YOUR FELLOW CELEBRANTS. BUT DON'T LOOK FOR ME. I'M OUT OF THE LOOP FROM NOW ON. GOOD-BYE, DAMON
CLICK

DAMON WAS SO EXCITED THAT HE SCARCELY NOTICED THE SCUM, DEAD OR LIVING, ON THE STREET.
Presley HALL

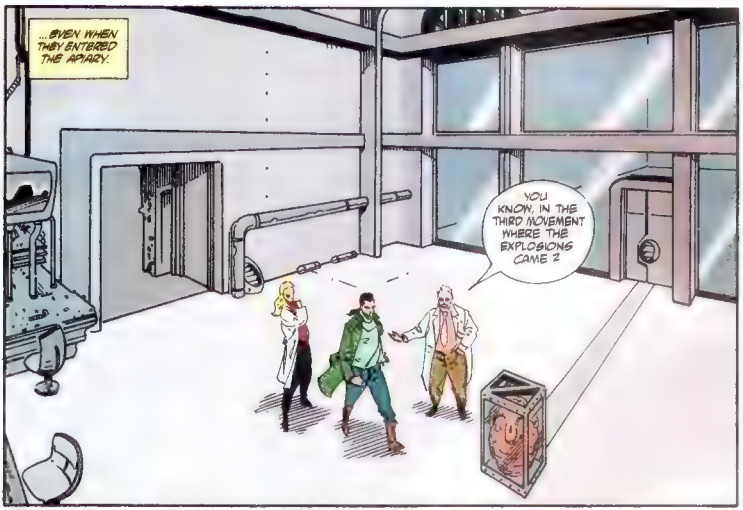
HE PASSED THROUGH SECURITY QUICKLY
HAND PRINT PROG

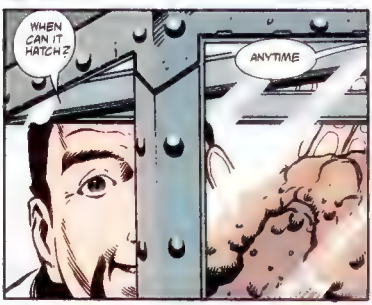

...AND WAS MET BY THE TWO BIOENGINEERS WHO WERE TO NURTURE THE EGG AND THE ALIEN
...SUCH AN HONOR TO HELP YOU WITH THIS PROJECT. I LOVE YOUR WORK.
HE LIKED MICHAEL BRANGWEN.

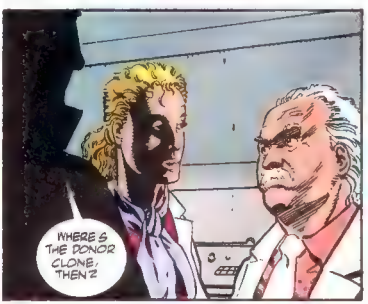

I'M SORRY, I'M NOT FAMILIAR WITH YOUR WORK, BUT I AM DELIGHTED AT THE PROSPECT OF WORKING WITH AN ALIEN
HE WASN'T AS TAKEN WITH DARCY VANCE. BUT THAT DIDN'T MATTER.

WHAT MATTERED WAS HIS MUSIC.
SHOW ME THE EGG

THEY RODE THREE ELEVATORS, WALKED DOWN SEVEN HALLS, AND DESCENDED A FINAL FLIGHT OF STAIRS.
SUCH A FANTASTIC IDEA TO USE THE SOUND OF THE ALIEN IN YOUR COMPOSITIONS. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN GREAT IN YOUR FOURTH SYMPHONY.
BRANGWEN TALKED ALL THE WAY.

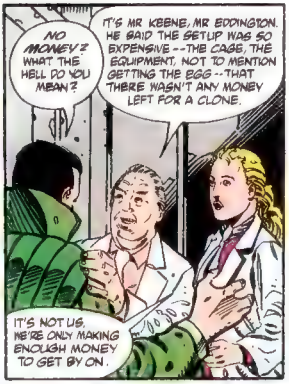

...EVEN WHEN THEY ENTERED THE APIARY.
YOU KNOW, IN THE THIRD MOVEMENT WHERE THE EXPLOSIONS CAME ?


WHEN CAN IT HATCH ?
ANYTIME

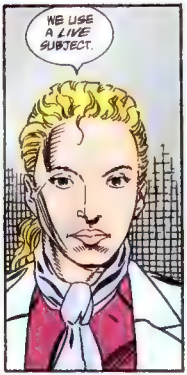

WHERE'S THE DONOR CLONE, THEN ?

WE DON'T HAVE ONE
WHAT!

THE FACT IS, THE SUPPORT SYSTEMS ARE ASTRONOMICAL. THERE'S JUST NO MONEY FOR ONE.

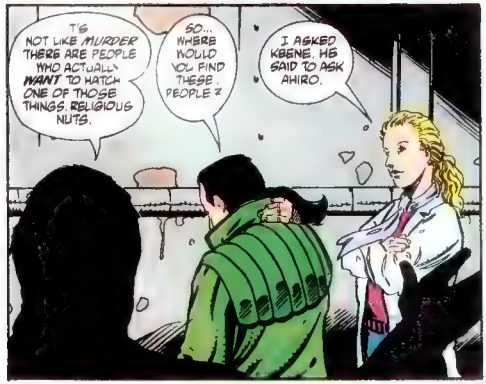

NO MONEY? WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN?
IT'S MR KEENE, MR EDDINGTON. HE SAID THE SETUP WAS SO EXPENSIVE--THE CAGE, THE EQUIPMENT, NOT TO MENTION GETTING THE EGG--THAT THERE WASN'T ANY MONEY LEFT FOR A CLONE.
IT'S NOT US. WE'RE ONLY MAKING ENOUGH MONEY TO GET BY ON.

SO WHAT DO WE DO?


WE USE A LIVE SUBJECT.

KILL SOMEONE?

NO. NO. I DON'T WANT THAT.


IT'S NOT LIKE MURDER THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO ACTUALLY WANT TO WATCH ONE OF THOSE THINGS. RELIGIOUS NUTS.
SO... WHERE WOULD YOU FIND THESE PEOPLE?
I ASKED KEENE. HE SAID TO ASK AHIRO.

"AHIRO?"
"HE WORKS FOR KEENE. AND FOR US, WHEN WE WANT HIM."

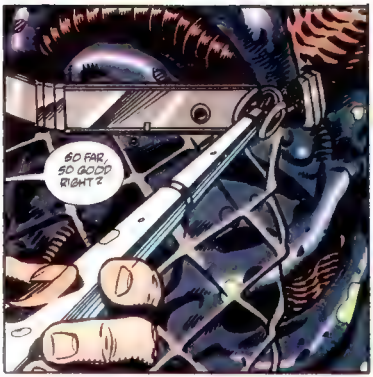
NO FLY ZONE
"HE'S OUT THERE RIGHT NOW ."

AND THERE WERE OTHER HUNTERS IN THE NIGHT

WE'RE GETTING CLOSER TO PRESLEY HALL, CHIEF.
DON'T WORRY. CONCERT'S LONG OVER THAT'S WHY WE WAITED SO LATE

WHAT'S TO WORRY, WHEN WE'RE WALKING THROUGH MANHATTAN..
NO FLY ZONE

WITH THIS?


SO FAR, SO GOOD RIGHT?

MT
SO FAR, BUT WHAT IF HE GETS TICKED?

THE JACKET'S MESH AND THE MUZZLE'S ALLOY. OL' BLUE'S NOT SCRATCHIN' OR BITIN ANYBODY

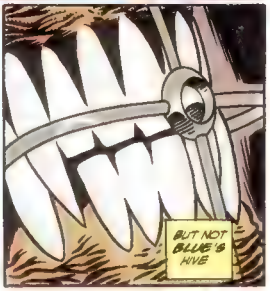
AT LEAST NOT TILL WE FIND THE SONGABITCHES WHO STOLE MEDTECH'S EGG
MT

COME ON, BLUE. SNIFF THOSE PHEROMONES, BOY. THEY'RE FROM YOUR HIVE--FIND THAT EGG, BUDDY.

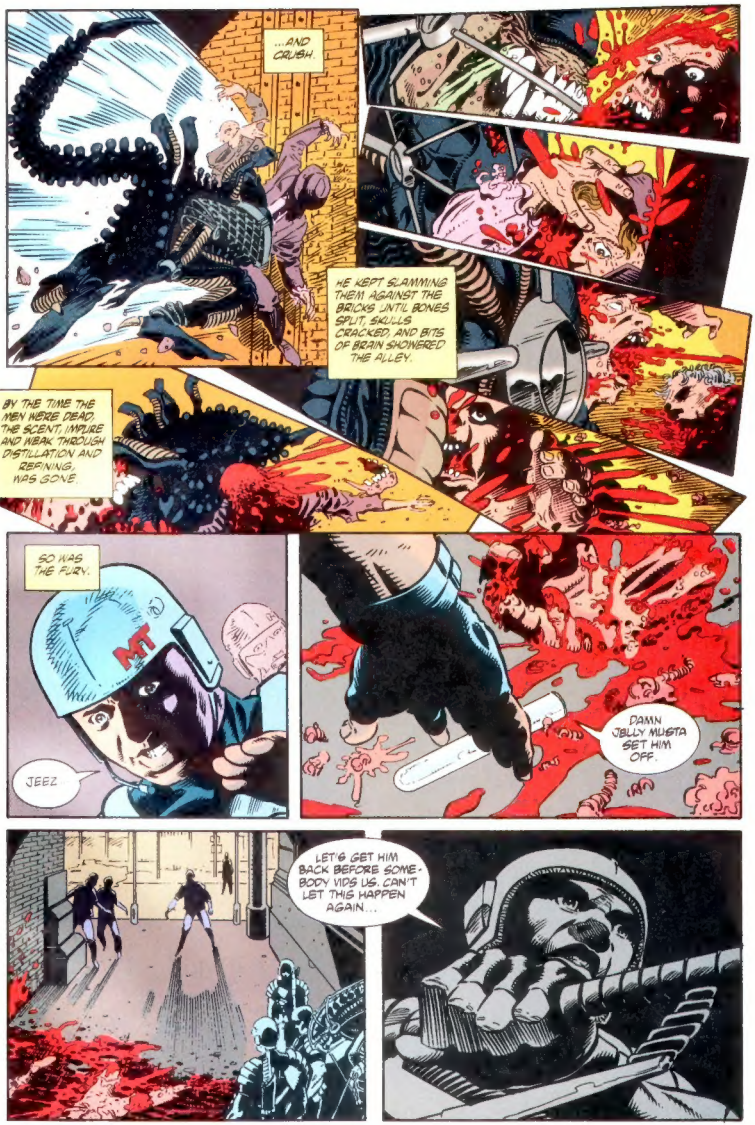
IN THE NEXT ALLEY, A JELLY DEAL IS GOING DOWN

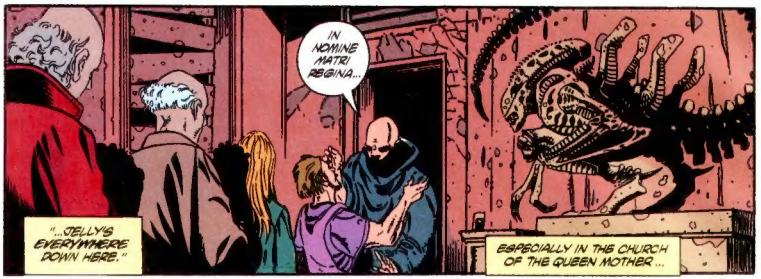
FOR JUST A MOMENT...

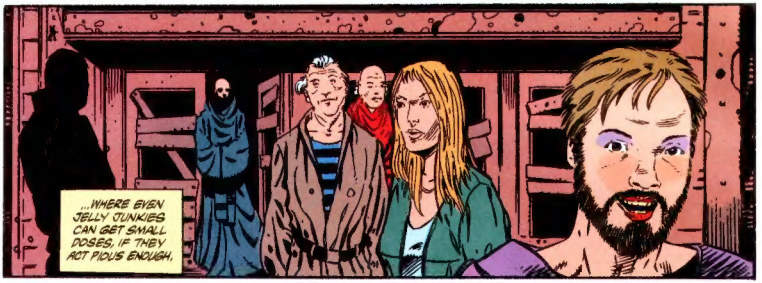
...THE PHEROMONES OF A HIVE ARE RELEASED INTO THE AIR.


BUT NOT BLUE'S HIVE

AND ANY HIVE NOT ONE'S OWN...
IS AN ENEMY
AND WHAT IS AN ENEMY..
...MUST BE DESTROYED
AND WHILE THE ALIEN COULD NEITHER BITE NOR TEAR, HE COULD SCREAM


...AND CRUSH.
HE KEPT SLAMMING THEM AGAINST THE BRICKS UNTIL BONES SPLIT, SKULLS CRACKED, AND BITS OF BRAIN SHOWERED THE ALLEY.
BY THE TIME THE MEN WERE DEAD, THE SCENT, IMPURE AND WEAK THROUGH DISTILLATION AND REFINING, WAS GONE.
SO WAS THE FURY.
MT
JEEZ.
DAMN JELLY MUSTA SET HIM OFF.
LET'S GET HIM BACK BEFORE SOMEBODY MOS US. CAN'T LET THIS HAPPEN AGAIN...


"...JELLY'S EVERYWHERE DOWN HERE."
IN NOMINE MATRI REGINA...
ESPECIALLY IN THE CHURCH OF THE QUEEN MOTHER...


...WHERE EVEN JELLY JUNKIES CAN GET SMALL DOSES, IF THEY ACT PIOUS ENOUGH.

ONE MOMENT, BROTHER.

YOU'RE A VERY LUCKY DISCIPLE.

TONIGHT YOU WILL FULFILL YOUR DESTINY...
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

FINISH LINE

I'm sure, to non-comics readers, comic books as an entertainment medium must seem an anachronism in these days of cable television, video tapes, video games, and interactive computer games—but one has only to look at the growth of the comics industry over the past couple of years to see that thousands of new readers are discovering the excitement, adventure, and entertainment to be found in comic books. The industry has not only expanded in breadth (i.e., the sheer number of comics sold), but it has also grown in depth; there are more titles, catering to more diversified tastes and interests than in any time since the fifties.

Whether you're a genre fan, looking for superhero action, science-fiction adventure, or a chilling horror story, or whether you're an avid follower of the works and visions of particular creators, there is much to be said for the medium. No other art or entertainment form combines the written word with visual storytelling to such an extent—a combination that allows you access to characters' thoughts at the same time you view their actions and which, when appropriate, can convey the dichotomy between the two in a manner at once elegant and immediate. Most exciting of all, the medium is completely interactive.

Don't believe me? Look at the page from X reprinted here (or virtually any multi-panel sequence in any comic book). Your mind "saw" the action taking place, but in reality you're looking at two-dimensional static images printed on a page. So where did the "action" come from? You brought it with you to the comic. The unmoving images on the page *interacted* with your imagination—your own personal set of expectations and suspension of disbelief. The action unfolded as quickly or as leisurely as you desired because you controlled the pacing. You "heard" the voices and their inflections and even the sound effects, yet no sound was generated (not to mention that the sounds you "heard" were unique to your reading of the page—your friends will "hear" their own version). You didn't have to insert a disk or tape, you didn't have to push a button or move a controller, and no special equipment was required. Does "interactive" get any better than that?

As a matter of fact, it does. Try this on for size: you're actually interacting with the ideas of a creator or creators—people whom you've never met and who, in most cases, made their contribution to the interaction months or even years before. Not only are you in touch with other people's imaginations across time and distance, but you never have to worry about the format becoming obsolete. Try that with a computer or video game.

All right, get out there and start interacting, but be back here next month when we'll hear from some of the most popular creators in comics as they discuss what makes the medium interesting for them. Happy reading!

Randy Stradley
Dark Horse creative director

JAN. CHECKLIST

SHIPPING JANUARY 11
- ☐ CHEVAL NOIR #50
- ☐ DARK HORSE PRESENTS #81
- ☐ DEAD IN THE WEST #2
- ☐ JOHN BYRNE'S NEXT MEN: FAITH #4
- ☐ OUT OF THE VORTEX #4
- ☐ PROPELLERMAN #7
- ☐ THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD: ETERNAL VOWS #2
- ☐ VERSION #2.5

SHIPPING JANUARY 18
- ☐ AGE OF REPTILES #3
- ☐ ALIENS: MUSIC OF THE SPEARS #1
- ☐ ANDREW VACHSS' UNDERGROUND #2
- ☐ CARAVAN KIDD PART 2 #8
- ☐ FLOATERS #5
- ☐ GRENDEL TALES: FOUR DEVILS, ONE HELL #6
- ☐ THE MARK #2
- ☐ STAR WARS: TALES OF THE JEDI #4

SHIPPING JANUARY 25
- ☐ ALIENS VOLUME 2 #20
- ☐ ALIENS: LABYRINTH #4
- ☐ ALIENS/PREDATOR: THE DEADLIEST OF THE SPECIES #4
- ☐ DARK HORSE COMICS #17
- ☐ DARK HORSE INSIDER #27
- ☐ EDDIE CAMPBELL'S ALEC IN THE DANCE OF LIFEY DEATH
- ☐ ENEMY #2
- ☐ THE GEOF DARROW PRINT SERIES #1: BOURBON THREE
- ☐ PREDATOR: BAD BLOOD #2

SHIPPING FEBRUARY 1
- ☐ CLASSIC STAR WARS #16
- ☐ ROBOCOP: ROULETTE #3
- ☐ SIN CITY: A DAME TO KILL FOR #3
- ☐ X #1

SHIPPING IN FEBRUARY
- ☐ THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON COLD-CAST FIGURE KIT

They Gave it Their Best Shot.

Now Let Us Take Ours.

ComicAsgard Presents Another Bullseye Scan